

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES
THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.
210 West Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana.
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana.
BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$12.00
Daily and Sunday by the week, 12c
Daily, single copy, 5c
Sunday, single copy, 5c
BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$4.00
Daily, in advance, per year \$3.00
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CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
Foreign Advertising Representatives.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 13, 1913.

WHY WE CELEBRATE.
That Christopher Columbus discovered America on Oct. 12, 1492, seems to be a well authenticated fact. The statement cannot be taken specifically, however. It must be accepted as a general proposition.

What Columbus really did was to discover some of the islands adjacent to the American continents and established the fact that larger bodies of land lay beyond. In reality the Genoan explorer never discovered the United States at all. That honor belongs to a gentleman by the name of Americus Vesputius, but it became necessarily secondary because of the more general and prior discovery Columbus had made.

Columbus was not surprised when he found land at the end of his voyage. He was confident it existed and was determined to find it. This determination enabled him to overcome the objections of his mutinous crew and continue his voyage on a proviso. That proviso was that land should be sighted in three days. Fortunately for Columbus and his venture the land within the limit and the discovery followed.

If Columbus should return now, some four hundred odd years after his first visit, he would find more to discover and with a capable press agent would be able to carry enough home with him to redeem Isabella's jewels and keep out of debtor's prison. A lecture tour by Columbus would have all the romance of a Dr. Cook engagement and more of the reality.

Columbus could prove that he discovered America by showing the land, and that is more than Doc Cook could do with the north pole, though the pole was there just the same. In fact, it would not be necessary for him to prove it because we have the land and there is nobody living who could swear he didn't discover it.

Those Norwegians who skirted our coast some time before Columbus began the arduous task of discovering America cannot be considered. They didn't discover anything. They simply ran against some land and landed on it to see what it looked like, but Columbus unfurled a banner on it and claimed it in the name of the Spanish throne as newly discovered territory.

That is why we call Oct. 12, Discovery day.

A NEW CONCEPTION.
Pres. Wilson has given us a new conception of duty as it applies to the man who enters public service as an officer elected by the votes of the people. The president's interpretation is that the man is not there to gratify his personal ambition or to serve his own interests.

The interpretation is a version of the proverb that a public office is a public trust which we have not had before. It places a man subject to his superiors in political rank as much as though he carried a commission as a military officer.

The case in point is the request made by the president that Rep. Clayton of Alabama shall withdraw from the senatorial contest in his state and remain a member of the house. Rep. Clayton occupies in that body the responsible position as chairman of the judiciary committee, a position in which the president regards him as indispensable in the next session for the reason that business now before congress cannot be finished at the present session.

"I foresee," wrote the president to Rep. Clayton, "the chief responsibilities of the next session will lie with the committee on the judiciary, of which you are chairman. Our work cannot be finished in a single session. If I dared I would beg you to remain in the house." This expression of the president's wishes is tantamount to a request. It is as if a commanding officer should give his subordinate an opportunity to voluntarily perform an extraordinary service.

The instance may be unprecedented, but the circumstances justify the president's action. He is at the head of the democratic organization now in control of public affairs and responsible for their conduct. He should be in position to make or prevent changes in organization that count for or against its efficiency.

AN INFLUENTIAL BODY.

There was no false note in the expression of the W. C. T. U. on the suffrage question. The women of that organization are enthusiastically committed to the reform. They believe in the social and political equality of men and women.

The suffrage movement in this state has been up to the present rather an undercurrent than a surface flood. It is strong, deep and influential, but there is little flurry on the surface. Some day in the not distant future the enemies of suffrage are to be astonished and overwhelmed by the tide of public sentiment that will sweep the state.

The work of the W. C. T. U. is making its influence felt in this movement.

of that work is such that it will require more than a shake to destroy it.

As far as can be ascertained the human element was responsible for the accident on the C. I. & S. railroad, which cost three lives. The orders and signals were not at fault.

The subject has been agitated so much that one fly has become as much of an annoyance as a dozen used to be.

This time Mack was a better guesser than McGraw.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

The modern conditions of morality, white slavery, politics in big cities, love of luxury, the unbounded wealth of some and the dire poverty of many, remind me of the conditions that prevailed in Rome about 150 B. C.

The riches that poured to that nation permitted Rome to carry out a series of magnificent public improvements. Italy was welded together by numerous military roads, so finely built that they remain to this day. The Tiber was spanned by excellent bridges of stone, the city was sewered and the streets were paved. Of the two new aqueducts, the Marcian, built B. C. 144, cost more than \$10,000,000. This gorgeous benefits accrued to Rome through her far-reaching conquests; but it cannot be doubted that even greater evils resulted. The brilliant culture was crimsoned with impurity. The rugged virtues of Rome were corrupted; the sternly collapsed before flabby degeneracy; marriage was openly scoffed at and even the old Roman faith lost its hold upon the people.

The political system of Rome grew to be as rotten as that of the worst governed city of modern times. Bribery was open and the slave trade was intended to meet the demands of the rich planters, for all purposes. The doom of the mighty city the world ever knew was plainly written.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

BY NORMAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Anybody who thinks a woman is going straight ought to have been in the Carlton Terrace restaurant, on upper Broadway, a few evenings ago.

She was such a demure looking little thing, too—only about 20 or 21 apparently, and maybe 100 pounds in avoirdupois.

There were four at the table, two elderly young men, of the blase type, the girl with the Wallie Schang arm, and another young lady very much like her. There wasn't a drop of booze on the table.

It was about 9 o'clock, between the dinner and supper crowds, and the Carlton Terrace was only sparsely filled. A cabaret show was going on, on a platform about half way down the long room.

A young chap came out and did an eccentric dance. The girl wanted to see him of course. So did a large number of waiters, whom the mid-evening dullness had left with nothing else to do. One of them stood right in the girl's line of vision.

A slender arm was extended back of her shoulder, then it moved forward. A hard roll just missed the waiter's ear and dangled with a loud whack on a table in front of him.

There was quite some suppressed excitement. Eight or ten waiters came and stood in a melancholy semicircle around the table whence the missile had been projected, and stared expressionlessly at the bad girl. But nothing happened.

She was dancing and singing on the cabaret platform. A few minutes later a young woman, aet platform. Again the broad-shouldered waiter saw the show, while the girl at the table beheld only his back.

"Zip! This time it was a salt-cellar, and this time she got him. Right on the neck. Salt streamed down his back, and the cellar bounded off to the floor.

There are almost as many head waiters in the Carlton Terrace as there are angels in heaven, and in a few seconds that particular table was surrounded. Animated conversation took place, with the young lady holding her own in good shape. Soon after which the party left, and the waiters were left to enjoy the cabaret from whatever particular point of vantage they might choose.

ANCESTRIES!

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said:

"My great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

—New York World.

TOSH WISE Says:



Despite reports from interested sources to the contrary Pres. Wilson has neither intimated nor announced that he will ask congress to repeal the exemption of American shipping from tolls in the Panama canal. If the president has any such idea he has kept it sedulously to himself.

The Volturno disaster suggests that supplementary to the wireless telegraph boats should have equipment that can take passengers from a wrecked or burning vessel in any kind of weather. The door of opportunity is open to inventive genius.

The New York Sun has made a canvass of the country which shows that no large factories will close on account of the tariff. On the contrary a tendency to increase business is seen. This will be a bitter disappointment to the calamity howler.

The deficiency bill will end the existence of the commerce court if Pres. Wilson signs it, and the chances are that he will. It was deemed a superfluity as its jurisdiction is fully covered by other courts.

The earthquake shocks in the canal zone continue, but without doing any damage to the canal. The character

THE RED BUTTON
A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN
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CONTINUED FROM SATURDAY.

CHAPTER XXI. TAKING STOCK.

"How's this headline for that stocking job?" asked Tommy North, suddenly looking up from his writing. "Mountain Climbers Wear Our Hose and Come Back Without a Hole?"

"Pretty good," replied Betsy-Barbara from her corner by the typewriter. "Now get the rest of it." She resumed her furious little stabs at the keys.

The sudden conclusion of the Hanska case left Betsy-Barbara afloat. She could not go back to Arden if she would, and she would not if she could. It was her whim to remain in New York; but the select young ladies' seminars of the metropolis hesitated to employ a young woman who had figured so consistently on the front pages of the yellow newspapers.

Between trips in search of employment, Betsy-Barbara continued to typewrite the correspondence of the Thomas W. North agency. Tommy, indeed, had offered her regular employment as his clerk. She spurned that offer, holding it to be mere gratitude. When she had learned the trade, she said, she might accept a position as typist, and not a minute before, Betsy-Barbara was vastly improved in technique. She could draft a passable circular letter in not more than three attempts and twenty-five minutes.

Tommy, untroubled by her business-like reminder, continued to view Betsy-Barbara. Presently the pencil dropped from his hand. He turned in his swivel chair and called: "Betsy-Barbara! in a tone wholly inappropriate to office hours."

"Being a woman, she caught it," Tommy North, she said, without looking up from the keys, "read me that motto over your desk!"

"Business. That's in Business Hours," ready Tommy North, obediently.

"Well, what does that mean?" asked Betsy-Barbara. And she continued to write, respectfully solicitous of the Thomas W. North agency. At least, that is what she thought she was writing.

The Bear and Skrottel

Chapter III.

The huntsman took a hand. He had been hiding all this time in the big oven of the stove, for he was terribly frightened. But when he saw brave Bruin toss the little pigmy high up near the ceiling and then give him a terrible bear hug the huntsman decided to come out and help his trusty companion a little.

Then there was certainly a funny spectacle to see in that kitchen. The bear chased the pigmy and the huntsman chased the bear. One minute all rolled over and over together on the floor; the next they had separated and were running after each other again. So the excitement kept up for nearly half an hour.

Finally the little pigmy, torn and bleeding and very frightened and chagrined, skipped out of the open door and away into the woods. Bruin laughed long and loud and Gunter chuckled softly to himself as the two companions sat down to the feast which the pigmy had cooked for himself.

"Pretty clever, you are," said Gunter, looking admiringly at the big bear. "Guess you got a couple of pretty hard bumps yourself, though, didn't you?"

Bruin nodded his head, but he was too busy eating to stop to talk the matter over.

After the two had eaten all they

NOT LONG AGO

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

Not long ago he was a little boy Who toddled timidly, with outstretched arms; Each passing day brought fresh parental joy And seemed to multiply his baby charms.

We never dreamed that he could come to grief, His daddy and his mother loved him so, Misfortune would have seemed beyond belief Not long ago.

We see him sometimes, evil-faced and Swagging with the city's vilest men; We see him sometimes in a prison yard Wild for the drink he cannot purchase then.

It seems to us that just a little rest Might come to us if we could only know His days had ended at his mother's Not long ago.

DREW GUN ON MAN WHO LAUGHED AT HER SKIRT

YONKERS, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Mrs. Inez O'Neill was arrested and fined \$10 for drawing a revolver and threatening to shoot Edward Connors when he made fun of her skirt as she was walking through the main thoroughfare here.

CHEWING GUM. All the fresh new kinds at Coonley Drug Store. Advt.

DEDICATE BABY ONE YEAR OLD TO MISSION FIELD

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Robert P. Glover, one-year-old son of Dr. R. H. Glover, who is stationed as a missionary in central China, was dedicated as a missionary to the Orient at a missionary rally here.

COONLEY LAXATIVE COUGH BLASAM. Works off a cold. Guaranteed. 25c and 50c at Coonley Drug Store. Advt.

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Try NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

THE MELTING POT
COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THE WEATHER AND THE GAME.
There's no game in it talking. This weather's just the thing. We can wear last summer's oxfords. And the thin ones, too, by jing! To the deuce with hard coal prices. Forget the iceman's roar. "Old crimp" may have his inning. When the world's "chump" games are o'er.

We can watch the electric ball game in great comfort and cop our bet. With old football in the background. For his time is—well, not yet. Away with sordid business. Let the whole thing go ker-slap! For this weather's not us jiggered. And Ed Collins' at the bat.

THOUGH Adolph Busch was a maker of beer he was also a poet. The analogy was established by the realization of the dream of his youth which he reached through a sea of suds.

When Adolph was a boy and wore wooden shoes his eyes were often lit by the lofty heights where stood the castles on the Rhine, and down deep in his boyish heart he determined he would have one.

It meant a life of labor and sacrifice, he must brew the beer and live in St. Louis, but he begrudged neither.

Perils of Berrien Springs. (Berrien Springs Era.) It is the hopes of the village president to have the streets cleared of the drunks, so that any woman will know that she can go down on the streets in the main part of town without having to walk on the edge of the sidewalk so that they will not be runned into by a whiskey or alcohol soak, that is not only a disgrace to themselves but also to their families.

IT was a distinction to have died the oldest bachelor in St. Joseph county, but it is no open sesame to the hall of fame. Bachelorhood is an offense against the laws of nature and the welfare of society for which there is no defense short of an alibi.

Handed the Angel Something. (Late Obituary Poetry.) "The angel wrote down in a volume of gold

around what that poor devil of an Estrilla?"

"If I wanted to be impertinent, I'd ask how that concerns you," replied Betsy-Barbara, saucily. "Well—because I liked him, I suppose."

"You didn't like him too well?" inquired Tommy.

"Of course not—now, I'm just sorry for him," she replied. Then, as though duty drove, she picked up an eraser and began furiously to eradicate a figure "2" which she had printed for a quotation mark.

"Do you remember," Tommy pursued, "the last time I got drunk—the last time I ever will?"

"The shoe-buckle night? Yes!" She resumed typewriting with furious energy and utterly inconsiderate results. But even the noise of the typewriter could not silence Tommy now. And when she came to the end of the line, she stopped again.

"You never knew why, of course!"

DO NOT LIVE IN AN UNWIRED HOUSE

Electric wiring in the house is today as necessary as open plumbing. Candles and lamps belong to the era of the well pump. Electric light belongs to the present and the future.

People today realize that Electric Light means comfort, convenience, safety and healthfulness. The push button is safer and quicker than matches.

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which give three times as much light for the same cost as did the old carbon lamps. The millionaire can find no better light at any price—The working man can find no cheaper light.

You should see that your house is wired and get more and better light. You will be surprised to learn how cheaply and easily you can get this wiring installed. Call us on either phone—462—and our representative will explain our special wiring offer.

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WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK